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SOLDIER LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS

Mrs. T. A. Rushing of Baker's Chapel has received the following letter from her son, C. R. Rushing, who is still on duty with the American overseas forces in France:

Podensac, France, March 23.—
Dear mother and sister: This is a cold, rainy Sunday. I attended church and Sunday school this morning. In my company of 250 men only 13 go to Sunday school. Rosie, I hope Frank is at home by this time and that all are well.

Well, I had a letter from you this week and also some copies of The Camden Chronicle. I was glad to get the papers. They were interesting to me, for I never hear anything about any of the boys. I enjoyed reading their letters to homefolks, but they have a better memory than I have. There are some things I will remember as long as I live, but I can not tell you of them.

Well, we had a horse sale the other day. Uncle Sam sold about 20 horses to the French, and they certainly need them, for donkeys and cattle are all the stock they have, but they certainly have large oxen. The French people don't know anything about a four-wheel wagon or buggy. They use carts and work oxen by their horns and work donkeys with a yoke. It is so different to what we are accustomed to at home. I often tell the boys that if I had a hog and could sell it at the same price Frenchmen sell pork I would soon get rich.

Well, mother and sister, I don't know when I will come home, I hoped that we would get there in April, but have about given it up. But I would be thankful to get back any time this year in peace. Peace is what we want, and peace is what we must have if this old world ever amounts to anything, and it don't take fighting altogether to have peace. It requires more religion, more praying. We can't do anything ourselves. We must look to a higher power. That is the trouble today. The world has forgotten God. Sometimes it seems to me, when I see sin on every hand, that there can not be much more to the world without a change. The church is on trial. The church is facing the greatest opportunity in history to do good. Europe needs reconstruction; the world is undergoing reconstruction, and it is imperative that Christian influences control in the reconstruction work.

In some parts of France the moral conditions are distressing, and the influences bode no good for the American soldiers, many of whom are adopting French habits. It looks like they are trying to drink all the wine in France, but the French can make it as fast as our boys can drink it. I hope, however, the boys will mend their ways after they return home and try to lead a better life.

The overseas boys are going to wield an influence in the United States when they return home, and I sincerely trust it will be for good and that they may be thankful that our country escaped the horrors and destruction wrought in Belgium and France. I hope they will remember to thank God for sparing their lives and permitting them to return home. But there are lots of mother's sons now resting in the Argonne and a number of other places in Europe. They gave their lives in the great



struggle which is to make the entire world safe for Democracy. We sympathize with these dear mothers, God bless them.

My letter is growing lengthy. Give my regards to all inquiring friends. Accept love and prayers from your son and brother,

C. R. RUSHING,
325 Infantry A. E. F.

Mrs. A. L. Walker of Camden Star Route sends us the following letter written by her brother, Rev. O. A. Utley, who is serving with the Y. M. C. A. in France:

Brest, France, April 15, 1919.—
Dear mother and Sister Lizzie: I received yours of March 16 on the 10th of April, and was indeed glad to hear from both of you. We at the front just live on letters. They are our great support.

Say, by the way, if you think it interesting I would like to give you a little history of my sojourn in England and France. I left Memphis for New York July 10, 1918, spending two weeks in Columbia College and the remainder of my time there in office "Y" work. I left New York by rail for Montreal, Canada, September 1. Here 316 "Y" men boarded the English Steamer Burmah for Liverpool, going down the St. Lawrence River to Quebec September 2, where we waited for convoy to gather. Next day we sped on toward England in company with twenty-one other steamships led by a battle cruiser to ward off submarines.

It was a beautiful sight to see the steamers moving in a uniform line. All we could see was water. The last land I saw was Anticosti Island until the British Isle was sighted. The water was rough. All of us were seasick and delivered "the goods" overboard without any coaxing. About that time we were passing Newfoundland with Cape Breton to the right, but too far away to be seen. A dense fog on Sunday, the 8th, prevented us from seeing anything but the splash of the buoy flying behind the ship in front. We passed around Cape May the same day, but too far away to see land.

We had reading, prayer and song service each day. One day while on board, I remember, as we sung such songs as "Onward Christian Soldiers," "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds," "God Be With You

Till We Meet Again," and looking around you could hardly see a dry eye on board. It brought to view home and loved ones.

We were very much frightened Monday September 9th when our cruiser fired four shots with her mammoth guns. We thought a submarine had been sighted, but found out later they were only trying out the guns. We passed over the same waters of the Titanic and the awful fate of the Lusitania.

When out about 250 miles from Liverpool we looked out over the horizon and saw about sixty sub-destroyers and mine sweepers coming to guide us safely into port. They looked like angels coming from Heaven. We went through the St. George Channel and landed at Liverpool Sunday September 16 about 4 p. m.

This was a great experience and a sight the world will never see again. We on board the steamer had great faith that we could win the war by doing our bit to free our country from the German menace and our families from the clutch of the Hun. Victory always comes through hard struggling and much suffering. J. N. Hall once said: "If you want to go up high, you must go down on your knees." Another has truly said: "There are more things wrought by prayer than the world ever dreamed of."

Would like to write more, but it would lengthen this letter too much. Will tell more of our trip and the country here in my next letter. Write me often. A son always wants to hear from mother and all the family. Pray that I may make the landing back home some day safely.

Your son and brother,
O. A. UTLEY.

SMITH'S GROVE.

Mrs. Lizzie Rogers visited her son, Noah Rogers, Sunday.

Ether Nunnery and family of near Shiloh were here Sunday.

R. L. Cowell was able to be out Sunday, after a long period of illness.

There was a good attendance at the singing Sunday. It will close next Sunday. Come out and enjoy the day.

Will close, wishing The Chronicle and its readers much success.

PROCLAMATION BY GOVERNOR ROBERTS

Whereas, by recent act house bill No. 177 the Sixty-first General Assembly designated and set apart the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day, and recommended that on this day as a special symbol of love that a white flower be worn for mothers deceased and a bright flower be worn for mothers living;

Now, therefore, I, A. H. Roberts, Governor, by virtue of this authority do hereby declare and set apart Sunday May 11, 1919, as Mother's day in the State of Tennessee, and hereby call upon every citizen in every walk of life who wears the flower to do something to honor mother and show the appreciation felt to an all wise God for having spared her life. The white flower will serve as the key to unlock the door of past recollection of a mother's love, devotion and sacrifice, and as we go down the sad isle of time, move us to perform some deed in honor of our dearest and truest friend.

The observance of Mother's day should be observed if possible with a greater devotion at this time than at any other, when we realize that when the war clouds gathered and the peace, security and happiness of a great nation were threatened, that a citizenship composed of men and women who honored God and loved mother answered

the call to battle and overthrew an advancing despotism of a brutal monarchy.

Now basking in the sun light of an everlasting peace, let us display the flag of our country from public buildings, business houses, shops, factories and homes, not as a mere outward expression of our patriotism, but as the colors of our faith in, and our devotion to our countries' cause—firm, fixed and lasting as a mother's love and as free from bitterness towards our enemies as a mother's feeling and affection for her wayward child.

I trust that suitable service will be held in our churches and at other places where we may think of and discuss the sacred theme of mother, to encourage indulgence in sentiments of reverence, respect and adoration for mother and her sacred memory.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed at the department in Nashville, this the first day of May in the year of our Lord, 1919, of the Independence of the United States, the one hundred and forty-third.

Very truly,
A. H. ROBERTS,
Governor
IKE B. STEVENS,
Secretary of State

WORLD'S GREATEST MINE FIELD

Bit by bit the story of the wonderful part in the American navy played in winning the war is being unfolded. A sample of the assistance the navy gave the Allies in bringing about the downfall of the Central Powers is seen in the laying of the world's greatest mine field, now being swept, accomplished by the division of the American fleet under Rear Admiral Strauss.

A little more than a year ago the Americans laid a mine barrier that extended from Bergen, Norway, to the Orkney Island, north of Scotland, effectually closing the North Sea to navigation except through the narrow lane along the coast of Norway and the outlet between the Orkneys and Scotland.

The barrier made practically impossible the escape from the North Sea of any enemy raider or warship. Fifty-seven thousand of these mines every one made in America, formed this barrier to German sea operations and but one mishap occurred during their laying, the sinking of one ship laden with mines from being torpedoed.

Not even yet does the world realize the immensity of the task assigned to American ingenuity and industrial enterprise, and which was accomplished when we had been in the war but little more than a year.

We wonder if a gentle and delightful sense of humor is an integral part of Bolshevism. To make men condemned to be shot dig the pit in which they are to lie together appears to the Russian Bolsheviks (Socialists) a neat and appropriate joke. They also drive nails into the shoulders of captured officers and merely term this little pastime "decorating them."

COUNTY NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

SAWYER'S MILL.

J. W. Jordan spent the week-end in Camden.

Buell Wilson of Beaverdam was here Monday.

Doss Weatherly of Camden was here Wednesday.

Miss Eva Bell of Camden was here Wednesday.

Porter Stigall of near Camden was here Saturday.

Farmers are busy trying to get their crops planted.

Miss Annie Hollingsworth was in Camden Thursday.

Mrs. J. P. Jordan was in Camden one day last week.

Rev. Ellis Arnold of Carroll County spent Sunday here.

Herbert Stigall and family visited in this community last week.

Leonard Greer of Ebenezer has been here working for J. W. Jordan.

Lenard Davis of Chalk Hill spent the week-end in this community.

Buford Jordan spent the week-end with his brother, William Jordan.

Miss Gertie Curry of Denver is visiting her sister, Mrs. Tom Simmons.

Mrs. Henry Lowry and children of Eggville have been visiting in this community.

C. H. Kennon of Camden was here recently and sold a victrola to W. C. Ballard.

Purchase of Victory Loan Notes by men and women who live on what they make shows not only that the worker is patriotic, but that he appreciates the best investment in the world.

Rains this week have retarded work on the farm.